MARVEL

VENOM® CARNAGE®

MILLIGAN • CRAIN

Crain

VENOM CARNAGE

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I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT.

THE WHOLE THING *DISGUSTS* ME. IT'S SICK AND I DON'T EVEN WANT TO TALK ABOUT--

TOO BAD!

BHAFF

UGHHH!

ARRANGEMENTS MUST BE MADE. YOU'RE NUMBER NINE-NINETY-NINE...

THIS IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, VENOM.

I'M YOUR FATHER, THAT MEANS...

THAT MEANS NOTHING.

DON'T BE ASHAMED, CARNAGE. IT HAPPENS TO ALL OF US.

I'M NOT ASHAMED. I JUST DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT.

BUT--

KKGKKK.

PUSH THIS AND I'LL KILL YOU. I'LL FINALLY DO IT.

MAYBE IF MY HOST HAD A LITTLE MORE **FILIAL SENTIMENT**... A LITTLE MORE **HUMAN LOVE** FOR HIS **OWN** DADDY...SOME OF IT WOULD HAVE CROSSED OVER TO **ME**.

AS IT IS, I FEEL NOTHING BUT **COLD EMPTY CONTEMPT**.

I **HATE** YOU, DADDY.

GOOD.

THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN SYMBIOTE AND FATHER SHOULD, BY OUR LONG TRADITION, BE COLD AND, IF NEED BE, DOWNRIGHT **HOSTILE**.

ANY OTHER WAY IS BEYOND COMPREHENSION.

LOVE? BETWEEN FATHER AND CHILD? THAT'S CREEPY... **PERVERSE**...

...UNSYMBIOTIC.

CARNAGE AND VENOM:

OFFSPRING

PART ONE: BABY, PLEASE DON'T GO!

CARNAGE, I'VE **LOATHED** YOU LIKE A SON. **NOW BELIEVE** ME, THIS THING THAT'S HAPPENING... YOU CANNOT...

YOU CANNOT RUN AWAY FROM IT!

IF I CAN'T STOP IT BEING BORN...

FLLINNGG

...I'LL **KILL** IT BEFORE IT'S A DAY OLD!

OH BABY. KEEP GOING. KEEP GOING, BABY. THAT'S IT...

WHAT THE--?

HUH?

THE OLD FOOL HAS LOST HIS MIND. THIS IS JUST HIS WAY TO EXERT **CONTROL**.

WE'LL BOTH IGNORE HIM.

IGNORE OUR BODY. HOW IT...FEELS.

YOU CAN'T RUN AWAY, HE SAID. YOU CAN'T RUN AWAY.

SO BURY IT...KILL IT...SUFFOCATE IT...

DEEP.

DEEP...

...BUT *SHALLOW*, TOO.

THAT'S WHAT'S SO *MODERN* ABOUT IT. THE WAY IT EMBRACES THE DEEP *AND* THE SHALLOW.

SO INSIGHTFUL.

PHILIP GUSTON MEETS YVES KLEIN BY WAY OF EL GRECO.

CLKKK

THREE SECURITY CAMERAS. PAINTINGS ON WEST WALL PROTECTED BY TRIP WIRES. PROBABLY CONNECTED TO A CENTRAL SECURITY SYSTEM.

GONNA CHECK OUT THE FRONT.

BESIDES, I'M MORE OF A *FIGURATIVE ART* GIRL.

ROTHKO! *BAD BOY!*

REINFORCED FOUR-INCH GLASS WINDOWS.

THESE GUYS REALLY DO *NOT* WANT TO BE ROBBED.

AND *WHAT* DO WE HAVE HERE?

GGGGRRRRRR

MEOOWWW!

YIPE!

YOUNG LADY, HAVE YOU SEEN ROTHKO?

NAH, BUT I CAUGHT THE *JACKSON POLLOCK* DOWNSTAIRS.

MY *DOG*. ROTHKO.

YOUR *DOG?* I THINK HE'S COWERING UNDER THAT CHUNK OF METAL.

THIS "*CHUNK OF METAL*" IS THE WORK OF THE HOTTEST YOUNG SCULPTOR IN NEW YORK.

SO I'M A *PHILISTINE*.

JUST ABOUT EVERYONE HERE'S A *PHILISTINE*, DARLING. *MOST* HAVE THE GOOD MANNERS TO PRETEND THEY'RE *NOT*--

KABOOM

IT FLEW PAST MY WINDOW...

I WAS *BIRD-WATCHING*, SEE. THEN THIS BIG BLACK UGLY THING...

FANGS? TONGUE? *ALIEN?*

THAT'S THE ONE. STRAIGHT INTO THE RIVER.

BOOM!

DID YOU *HEAR* THAT?

GAS LEAK?

AL QUAEDA?

...DAVID BLAINE?

GET BACK! THERE COULD BE ANOTHER *EXPLOSION!*

YEAH, MUST BE BLAINE. JEEZ. WHAT *WON'T* THAT CREEP DO FOR *PUBLICITY?*

IT AIN'T HIM--IT'S THAT KILLER. THAT MASS-MURDERER, *CLETUS* SOMETHING.

CLETUS KASADY.

VENOM NEVER SAID... BIRTHING HURT THIS BAD...MAKE ME FEEL THIS... WASTED...

AHHH. AND HERE'S OUR HOST FOR THE EVENING

IF I HAD ANY SPIT LEFT IN ME, I'D FINISH THIS RIGHT NOW... BUT YOU CAN'T GO ANYWHERE I WON'T FIND YOU...

AND THAT'S A *PROMISE.*

THE SECURITY SYSTEM'S DOWN FOR *TEN MINUTES.*

THIS IS *OUTRAGEOUS!*

AND SOMEONE STEALS A PAINTING!

I MAY NOT KNOW MUCH ABOUT MODERN ART, BUT I KNOW WHAT I LIKE.

AND MORE IMPORTANT...

KNOW HOW TO *GET* IT.

IT'S HAPPENED.

HE TRIED TO STOP IT. AND ALMOST BLEW THEM BOTH TO PIECES.

BUT I CAN FEEL IT.

THERE IS ANOTHER ONE OF US ON EARTH.

I MUST PROTECT THE THOUSANDTH SYMBIOTE OF OUR LINE.

BEFORE IT'S FATHER KILLS IT.

I FELT OUR SON KICKING TODAY.

AN' I LOOKED INTO THE FACE OF EVIL TODAY.

I BET DAD DIDN'T HAVE TO HANDLE THIS KINDA STUFF IN HIS DAY.

ONLY HOPE THAT THINGS ARE EASIER BY THE TIME PATRICK'S A COP.

"EDWARD" ISN'T GONNA TO BE A COP. EDWARD IS GONNA BE A LAWYER.

"PATRICK" WILL BE A COP, LIKE HIS DAD AND GRANDAD...

AND HIS GRANDAD'S DADDY, BLAH BLAH BLAH...

IT'S IN THE BLOOD, GINA. IT'S WHAT THE MULLIGANS ARE.

YOU WANT PATRICK TO BREAK A TRADITION? TO BE THE FIRST ELDEST MULLIGAN SON SINCE WE GOT OFF THE BOAT NOT TO WEAR A BADGE?

YOU SAID IT, PADDY. THINGS AIN'T LIKE THEY USED TO BE.

IT AIN'T COPS AND ROBBERS NO MORE. IT'S COPS AND EVIL GENIUSES.

IT'S COPS AND MONSTERS.

SWEET!

AIEEEEEE!

I'M NOT HERE TO HURT YOU. BUT THERE IS SOMEONE WHO'S ON HIS WAY...

P-PLEASE... MY WIFE AND ME... WE'RE EXPECTING OUR FIRST CHILD.

YOUR FIRST CHILD?

AND YOU WILL LOVE THIS HUMAN INFANT?

AH...YE-YEAH...

LOVE IT, PROTECT IT, CHERISH IT, AND EVERY LITTLE SMILE, EVERY DIMPLED GIGGLE, EVERY TINY FART WILL WARM YOUR HEART, CORRECT?

AH, YES. I GUESS.

TELL ME... WHAT'S IT LIKE?

LIKE SOMETHING YOU'LL NEVER KNOW, VENOM.

IF YOU HADN'T SUCKED UP THE SOUL OF THE HUMAN THAT YOU'RE INHABITING, HE MIGHT'VE BEEN ABLE TO *TELL* YOU HIMSELF.

WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HERE? YOUR SPIDER-SENSES CAN'T PICK UP US SYMBIOTES.

MAYBE, BUT I CAN STILL FOLLOW THE DIRTY GRAY *PUDDLES* ALL THE WAY FROM THE *EAST RIVER.*

GET *OUT,* BOTH OF YOU, WHILE YOU CAN!

I'M HERE TO PROTECT HIM.

CARNAGE... MY SON...HE'S ASEXUALLY GIVEN BIRTH.

CARNAGE-- PREGGERS!? AS A WISE MAN ONCE SAID, "WHAT A REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT!"

SO WHO'S THE FATHER?

THAT GOR-- ONLY HE DOESN'T KNOW IT YET!

BUT YOU SAID YOURSELF...WHEN CARNAGE WAS BORN... YOU SYMBIOTES HAVE NO INTEREST IN YOUR OFFSPRING.

WE DON'T. BUT WE DO CARE ABOUT OUR SPECIES.

BY THE ONE-THOUSANDTH GENERATION, THE CHANCES FOR PSYCHOTIC BREAK-DOWN ARE GREAT...

UNLESS A GRANDPARENT CAN EDUCATE THE CHILD IN THE ANCIENT WAY OF SYMBIOTES.

I WANT TO HELP HIM...

...CARNAGE WANTS ONLY TO KILL HIM--

"-- AND THE HOST WITH IT."

C'MON, C'MON, C'MON! LOUSY ELEVATOR. WHEN I SEE THAT SUPER...

LET'S TAKE THE STAIRS.

STAIRS

OH, MY GOD OH, MY GOD

GINA!

OUT OF MY WAY BREEDER.

AAIEEEEE

GINA!

SHE'S DEAD, HER AND THE *TADPOLE* INSIDE HER, SMASHED TO PIECES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS.

THEN YOU SHOULDA KILLED ME, TOO!

OH, WE'LL GET ROUND TO THAT GOOD AND PROPER. DON'T WORRY.

CARNAGE! I WON'T LET THIS HAPPEN.

HEY, POPS. YOUR **STOCKINGS** ARE TORN.

HUH?

PATHETIC OLD-TIMER

GNAAAAAAN

KRAK

TH...THANK YOU, SPIDER-MAN.

IT WAS A PRETTY CLOSE CALL. YOU OKAY?

YE-YEAH... BUT...I THINK... I THINK IT'S *COMING*...

CAN'T YOU...*HOLD IT IN* A LITTLE LONGER?

SO I TAKE IT YOU'RE NOT AN *OBSTETRICIAN* UNDER THAT MASK.

YOU GOT ME. I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE HOSPITAL.

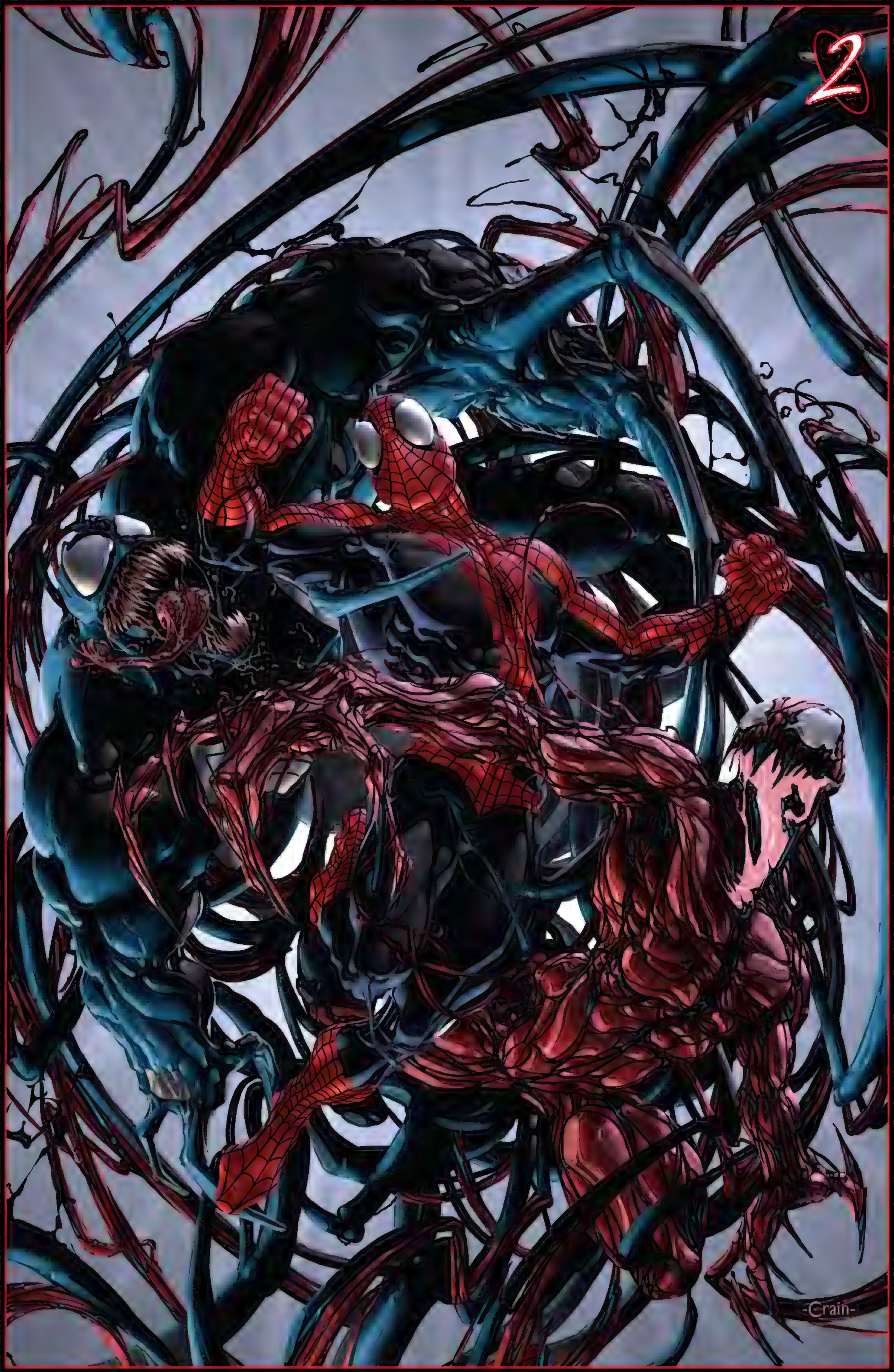
NO. THAT MONSTER'S TAKEN PADDY. GO AFTER THEM. PLEASE DON'T LET NOTHING HAPPEN TO PADDY.

BUT I CAN'T JUST LEAVE YOU...

YOU'RE *HAVING A BABY.*

WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT KILLING YOU? I JUST HAVE TO RIP OUT YOUR RIB CAGE, LUNGS AND SPLEEN SO I CAN GET AT MY **BABY**.

YOU'RE **WELCOME** TO WHAT'S LEFT.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KKKKK

IF YOU CAN UNDERSTAND ME...*PLEASE*. PLEASE DON'T KILL ME!

I-I'VE GOT A YOUNG WIFE-- WITH A BABY ON THE WAY.

CORRECTION. YA GOT A YOUNG WIDOW--

AAIEEE!

WITH AN ORPHAN ON THE WAY!

AHHHH!

I'VE GOT YOU YOUR *BABY* BACK, RANDOLPH.

IN THE FUTURE, GET A LAWYER TO LOOK OVER THE CONTRACT BEFORE YOU SELL YOUR MASTERPIECES TO CROOKED ART DEALERS.

HOW CAN I EVER REPAY YOU?

I'LL THINK OF SOME-THING.

H-HELP! SWEET MERCY, *HELP* ME!

MAYBE I CAN *PAINT* YOU. YES. I'D *LOVE* TO CAPTURE YOUR *WILD SENSUALITY.*

MANY MEN HAVE DIED TRYING, SWEETIE.

WOULD YOU CONSIDER SITTING *NUDE* FOR ME?

WHAT ABOUT MY *SECRET IDENTITY?* SO MANY PEOPLE WOULD RECOGNIZE ME.

WE COULD KEEP YOUR *FACE* COVERED UP.

MAYBE SOME PEOPLE WOULD *STILL* RECOGNIZE ME.

MY GOD! LOOK AT *THAT!*

YES, ISN'T THE VIEW THRILLING?

THERE'S NO ONE HERE TO HELP YOU, MISTER POLICEMAN. IT'S DARK, AND THE DARK BELONGS TO CREATURES LIKE *ME.*

BLACK CAT?

WHAT ARE YOU *DOING?*

AND THERE I WAS THINKING I'D GOTTEN MY EVENING NICELY PLANNED.

A LITTLE INNOCENT ART THEFT FOLLOWED BY HOT COCOA AND STEAMY CHICK-LIT.

VENOM/ CARNAGE PART TWO:

COPS AND MONSTERS

OH GOD, THANK YOU, THANK YOU...

CUT THE BLUBBERING AND HANG ON, BOY.

YOU CAN SHOWER ME WITH YOUR ETERNAL GRATITUDE LATER...

"...*AFTER* I PUT A FEW BLOCKS BETWEEN *US* AND *HANDSOME*."

OKAY. THIS ISN'T GOOD.

BUT IT'S TOO EARLY TO PANIC.

LOOK, CLETUS. A PRETTY GIRL. SMELLS NICE. NICE AND SOFT...

SQUEEZE ALL THE PERFUME OUTTA HER.

GOOD IDEA, PARTNER.

NOW IT'S TIME TO PANIC.

THAT'S MY BEST SHOT.

UGNNN!

DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS THING IS, BUT IT'S TOO MUCH FOR *ME.*

TOO FAST.

TOO STRONG.

TOO *MUCH.*

PROBABLY NEVER FINISH THAT *NOVEL* NOW. WONDER WHO OUR TWENTY-SOMETHING HEROINE CHOOSES?

POOR MR. GOOD-WITH-SIX-MONTHS-TO-LIVE? OR RICH MR. BAD-WITH-A-CASTLE-IN-ENGLAND?

I'M NOT USUALLY INTO CHICK-LIT. THOSE BOOKS ARE SO *UNREALISTIC.*

THERE'S NEVER *ANYONE* FLYING AROUND IN A *COSTUME.*

GNNN!

IT TOOK ME A WHILE TO CATCH MY BREATH. AND LICK MY WOUNDS--

CALL THOSE WOUNDS? I'LL SHOW YOU WOUNDS.

--BUT NOW I'M HERE...THIS STOPS.

THE KILLING STOPS!

I SECOND THAT EMOTION.

WHAT DO YOU CARE IF I KILL THE HUMAN GIRL?

HER? I DON'T CARE ABOUT HER. YOU CAN DO WHAT YOU LIKE WITH HER.

AND JUST WHEN I WAS STARTING TO LIKE YOU.

I'M TALKING ABOUT MY GRAND-CHILD! IT MUST LIVE! TO CARRY MY GENES INTO THE FUTURE.

IT MUST DIE! I AIN'T HAVING MY GENES COMING BACK AND BITING ME

WHO ARE THOSE HORRIBLE CREATURES?

I DON'T KNOW. THEY JUST APPEARED OUT OF THE BLUE TONIGHT AND...OH GOD...OH GOD...

GINA!

HE'S GETTING AWAY!

GOOD. SOON HE'LL BE BIG ENOUGH TO LOOK AFTER HIMSELF.

YOU'RE AN UGLY COLD-BLOODED LETHAL KILLER. YOU'RE UP TO YOUR BEADY EYES IN GORE.

WHY ARE YOU SO KEEN ON THAT BRAT LIVING? LIKE, WHO ARE YOU KIDDIN' VENOM?

THIS IS DIFFERENT. WHEN TOXIN GROWS UP HE'LL BE AN ALLY...

WHEN WHO GROWS UP?

TOXIN. IT'S THE NAME I'VE GIVEN TO MY GRAND-CHILD. PRETTY, HUH?

I GOT A BETTER NAME

DEAD

TOXIN IS GONNA FIGHT ALONGSIDE ME AGAINST SPIDER-MAN. AND YES, IF NEED BE, AGAINST YOU.

NO WAY. CAN'T HAVE NO CHILD OF MINE LIVING, LIABLE TO COME BACK AND HURT ME.

ANYWAY, YOU KNOW MY FEELINGS ABOUT SINGLE PARENTS.

YOU DON'T HAVE FEELINGS, CARNAGE. JUST INSANE URGES TO DESTROY.

YOU GOTTA PROBLEM WID THAT?

ONLY WHEN IT COMES TO TOXIN.

AAIEEE

SPLTTT

HE'S A *MESS!*

SCREWED UP FACE, CROOKED EARS. YOU *SURE* HE'S MY SON?

HE'S *GORGEOUS*, YOU MORON. AND THE DOCS SAY HIS EARS WILL STRAIGHTEN UP.

ONLY KIDDIN', SWEETHEART. THE LITTLE GUY'S *PERFECT.*

AND HE'S GOT A REAL LIVE DADDY. THANKS TO YOUR *MYSTERIOUS ADMIRER.*

I DIDN'T TALK TO HER LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW IF SHE *ADMIRED* ME.

ANYWAY, *YOU'RE* THE ONE WITH THE *FAN.*

SPIDER-MAN DROPPED THEM OFF THIS MORNING. WASN'T THAT SWEET? HE MUST BE REAL BUSY TOO, CATCHING CRIMINALS AND STOPPING CRIME AND STUFF.

ACTUALLY, HONEY, THAT'S WHAT WE *COPS* DO.

EDWARD MULLIGAN ENTERED THIS WORLD ABOUT THE SAME TIME I WAS GETTING BEAT UP BY A *MONSTER.*

AND GINA'S RIGHT: HE'D ALREADY HAVE LOST HIS DADDY BUT FOR THAT *INCREDIBLE GIRL.*

MONSTERS. JEEZ.

AS IF THIS TOWN AIN'T GOT *ENOUGH* OF THEM WITHOUT *MORE* SHOWING UP.

I KNOW CARNAGE ISN'T DEAD. I CAN FEEL HIM *SOMEWHERE*. THE CRAZY POISON BUBBLING INSIDE HIS SKULL.

IT'S UP TO ME TO WATCH OVER THE CHILD...

"...UNTIL HE'S OLD ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF *HIMSELF*."

HEY! I THINK HE'S *PEEING!*

I STAY DEEP. BURROW NEW ARTERIES BENEATH THE HEAVY OLD CITY.

VENOM CAN'T BABY-SIT TWENTY-FOUR SEVEN. I'LL BIDE MY TIME.

THEN I'LL *STRIKE*.

OFFICER PATRICK MULLIGAN. A FINE COP, BY ALL ACCOUNTS. AND, IF VENOM IS TO BE BELIEVED, NOW THE HOST BODY OF AN *ALIEN SYMBIOTE.*

BUT VENOM MIGHT BE WRONG. VENOM MIGHT BE *LYING.*

I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON HIM.

PAT! HE'S *BEHIND* YOU!

MY SECOND DAY BACK ON THE JOB.

BLAMM! *BLAMM!*

NOT MUCH CHANGES.

I THOUGHT COMING BACK TO WORK MIGHT MAKE ME FEEL MORE *NORMAL.*

JEEZ, YOU WERE *FAST*, MAN! YOU ON *VITAMIN PILLS* OR SOMETHIN'?

BUT IT'S STILL THERE. THE TIGHTNESS IN THE GUT.

IT AIN'T ME GETTING FASTER. *YOU'RE* GETTING *SLOWER*, MEADOWS.

HE'S RIGHT, THOUGH. I *HAVE* BEEN FAST TODAY. I'VE FELT...

...RAZOR-SHARP. *INTENSE.*

AND THOSE *VOICES.*

TOXIN.

HEY, KID.

AM I *CRACKING UP?* HAS THE RUN-IN WITH THAT *MONSTER* MADE ME LOOPY?

OR DO *ALL* NEW DADS GO THROUGH THIS?

THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION. THE WINDOWS WERE BLOWN IN. ALARM DEACTIVATED...

...AND THE THIEF STRUCK, STEALING A PAINTING BY A NEW YORK ARTIST NAMED *RANDOLPH Z.*

ANY SECURITY CAMERAS?

GOOD CALL, NUNEZ. CAMERAS CAME BACK ON JUST IN TIME TO CATCH THE *TAIL END* OF THE ROBBERY, SO TO SPEAK.

NOT A LOT TO GO ON.

RANDOLPH, I TOLD YOU NOT TO CALL ME AGAIN UNLESS IT'S AN *EMERGENCY.*

THIS IS AN EMERGENCY.

I MADE HIM CALL YOU.

I'LL JUST POP OUT AND BUY SOME PAINTBRUSHES.

I KNOW YOU ROBBED THE ART GALLERY. I'D RECOGNIZE THAT *TAIL* ANYWHERE.

ISN'T THAT *SEXUAL HARASSMENT?*

I'VE LOOKED INTO YOUR RECORDS. YOU HAVE A VERY SHADY REPUTATION.

OKAY. I STOLE THE PAINTING. BUT ONLY BECAUSE RANDOLPH WAS DUPED INTO SELLING IT FOR A *PITTANCE.*

THAT DON'T MAKE IT LESS OF A *CRIME.*

WAITAMINUTE... YOU'RE THE GUY WHOSE BUTT I SAVED THE OTHER DAY! WHAT'S YOUR *NAME*, POLICE OFFICER?

AH... P-PAT.

OKAY, P-PAT. GIMME A BREAK HERE. I HELPED YOU OUT, DIDN'T I? DON'T YOU THINK YOU OWE ME ONE?

A LITTLE QUID PRO QUO.

THAT WOULD BE LIKE TAKING A ***BRIBE***. I TRY TO BE AN HONEST COP. I DON'T TAKE BRIBES. I DON'T LOOK THE OTHER WAY. AND I DON'T LIE. NOT UNLESS IT'S ***ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY***.

YOU KNOW HOW ***EASY*** IT'D BE FOR ME TO ESCAPE?

ALL I'D HAVE TO DO IS--

--THIS!

SLKK!

OR-- THIS!

WHKK!

WOW. YOU'RE GOOD.

UH, YEAH, GUESS I AM...

YOU SOUND SURPRISED.

JUST CONFUSED.

IF YOU WERE GONNA ARREST ME, YOU'D HAVE DONE IT BY NOW. SO WHAT *DO* YOU WANT?

A *DATE?*

N-NO...I'M A *MARRIED* MAN, WITH A BABY.

GOOD. BECAUSE I DON'T DATE MARRIED MEN WITH BABIES.

COME TO THAT, I DON'T DATE MANY MEN AT *ALL* RIGHT NOW.

SO-- WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?

ALL RIGHT. I WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON. YOU'RE ONE OF *THEM*. ONE OF THE *COSTUMED SET*.

FIGURED IF *ANYONE* KNEW ABOUT THAT *MONSTER*, IT'D BE *YOU*.

SO EITHER CUFF ME OR WISH ME GOOD-NIGHT.

SORRY, PAT. CAN'T HELP YOU.

THE ONLY THING I KNOW ABOUT THAT UGLY S.O.B. IS I NEVER WANT TO SEE IT AGAIN.

SMASH!

MY GOD!

I *RANG*, BUT THE BELL MUST BE BROKEN. AND THE CHEAP MATERIAL THEY MAKE THESE DOORS OUTTA NOWADAYS! THE PEOPLE THAT SELL 'EM SHOULD BE FLAYED ALIVE AND FED TO RATS.

THOUGH THAT'S ONLY MY OPINION.

AND LOOK WHAT I FOUND ON THE DOORSTEP! NOW *THAT'S* WHAT I *CALL A RICTUS!*

RANDOLPH!

STAY CLEAR, BLACK CAT. HE'S ***CLETUS KASSADY.*** MASS MURDERER AND ALL-AROUND PSYCHOPATH.

DOES THAT MEAN I CAN ***LEGALLY*** KICK HIS BUTT?

WHOAGH

STOP RIGHT THERE, KASSADY!

GNNN!

BLAMM!

BLAMM!

BLAMM!

KASSADY IS ONLY HALF OF THE STORY.

YOUR POLICE-ISSUE BULLETS DON'T EVEN TICKLE, SONNY BOY.

AND IT LOOKS LIKE GRANDDAD ISN'T HERE TO SAVE YOU.

PAT?

YOU'RE TURNING INTO A MONSTER!

DON'T BLAME ME...
...IT'S IN THE GENES

IF YOU'RE MY FATHER, CARNAGE...

KRAHH

...WHO'S MY MOTHER?

THAT AIN'T QUITE HOW THE BIOLOGY PANS OUT, BUSTER.

IT'S HARD.

ACK!

BUT THERE COMES A TIME...

SORRY, I FLUNKED BIOLOGY

WHEN YOU REALLY HAVE TO LET GO.

ALLOW THE LITTLE ONES TO MAKE THEIR OWN WAY IN THE WORLD.

AIEEEEEE!

LET THEM STAND ON THEIR OWN TWO PODS.

YOU'RE NOT MY FATHER...

YOU'RE NOT...

UGKK-- GKKK-- UHHH.

YOU CANNOT WATCH OVER THEM FOREVER.

GHH... UUHH... HHH...

YOU OKAY?

HEY, OFFICER--IS THIS A PRIVATE VOMIT OR CAN ANYONE JOIN IN?

GET AWAY FROM ME! DON'T TOUCH ME! GET AWAY!

IT'S OKAY. THE MONSTER'S ALL GONE.

NO. N-NO IT HASN'T. IT'S INSIDE ME!

VENOM/CARNAGE PART THREE

THE MONSTER INSIDE ME

THAT'S IT, SON!

NOW YOU'VE GONE AND MADE ME MAD!

ANY BETTER?

A LITTLE. *CONSIDERING.*

TH-THAT CREATURE... SAID IT WAS MY *FATHER*...

AND THAT *OTHER* MONSTER SPEWED RIGHT OUT OF ME.

HOW AM I GONNA EXPLAIN ANY OF THIS TO MY *CHIEF*?

YOU *DON'T.*

YOU DON'T TELL YOUR SUPERIORS I WAS INVOLVED IN THE ART THEFT...I DON'T SPREAD THE WORD YOU'RE A MONSTER.

DEAL?

I--I DON'T KNOW, *BLACK CAT.* THAT'D BE *WRONG.*

THAT KINDA THING IS A *SLIPPERY SLOPE* WHEN YOU'RE A COP.

YOU ARE PROBABLY THE MOST OBSTINATE AND ANNOYING PERSON I HAVE EVER MET.

THAT'S WHAT MY *WIFE* SAYS.

DOES YOUR WIFE KNOW SHE'S MARRIED TO A SLAVERING BEAST?

NO. AND SHE MUSTN'T!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO *DO*, BLACK CAT. SOMEHOW I GOT THIS *THING* INSIDE ME. AND THEN THERE'S YOU, WHO I *LIKE* BUT... THERE ARE *RULES*...

THE RULES DON'T WORK ANYMORE. NOT FOR YOU. NOT FOR US. EVERYTHING'S CHANGED.

SO YOU'D BETTER LEARN TO BE MORE *FLEXIBLE.*

FLEXIBLE? RIGHT. LET ME... LET ME THINK ABOUT...

HUH?

WE'VE MOVED TO A NEW APARTMENT.

CAN'T EXPECT GINA TO GO BACK TO THE OLD PLACE AFTER WHAT HAPPENED.

YOU LOOK TIRED, HONEY. SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND?

COULD SAY THAT.

GOTTA TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, PATTY. IF YOU'RE GONNA MAKE LOTS MORE BABIES.

MOM! WE DON'T WANT LOTS MORE BABIES!

WHY THE HELL NOT? YOUR GRANDMA HAD FIFTEEN KIDS. SHE WOULD HAVE HAD MORE IF HER WOMB HADN'T IMPLODED.

MY IN-LAWS ARE HERE TO CELEBRATE GINA AND BABY EDWARD COMING HOME FROM THE HOSPITAL.

THIS SHOULD BE A GREAT DAY.

INSTEAD, I WORRY ABOUT WHAT'S HAPPENED.

AND WHAT'S *GONNA* HAPPEN.

PAT! YOUR FATHER'S HERE!

MY *FATHER?*

I MOVE FAST.

FASTER THAN I'VE EVER MOVED BEFORE...

FAST ENOUGH.

THIS TIME.

HOW'S THE FUTURE POLICE CHIEF DOIN'?

DAD. IT'S YOU.

WHO ELSE DID YOU THINK IT WAS?

I GOTTA GO.

I THOUGHT BEING A GOOD COP, A GOOD MAN, MEANT BEING SOLID. NOT BENDING. BUT EVERYTHING'S CHANGED.

SHE'S RIGHT, SEE. THAT GIRL. THAT WONDERFUL SCARY GIRL IS RIGHT. I GOTTA BE MORE *FLEXIBLE.*

FLEXIBLE?

THE SKIES OPEN UP.

LIKE I SHOULD.

OPEN UP TO THE SMELLS. THE ANIMAL VIBRATIONS. STOP FIGHTING IT.

THIS WILD NEW ENERGY.

THIS *MONSTER* INSIDE ME.

USE IT, DUMMY.

HOW COULD YOU LET HIM BEAT US? A KID? A WHELP? BARELY A WEEK OLD!

BE QUIET, CLETUS KASSADY.

OH, BE QUIET YOURSELF.

YOU MIGHT BE THE BUS DRIVER, BUT YOU *NEED* THIS BUS.

WRONG. THERE ARE PLENTY MORE *HUMAN* HOSTS.

SO *LEAVE* ME. I DON'T NEED A *SYMBIOTE* TO BE A GRADE "A" BONA FIDE TERRA FIRMA QUO VADIS PSYCHOPATHIC KILLER.

I DID JUST FINE AND DANDY BEFORE *YOU* CAME ALONG.

WAIT!

WHAT DO YOU KNOW...

...IT'S STOPPED RAINING.

I TRACKED HIM DOWN. *WE* TRACKED HIM DOWN.

NO CLUES, NO WITNESSES, NO NOTHING.

I FOLLOWED MY NOSE. OR *SOMETHING.*

I WON'T WAIT FOR THE MONSTER TO SHOW UP AGAIN. I'LL *KILL* HIM FIRST.

THIS THING THAT CALLS ITSELF MY FATHER.

I NEVER KILLED ANYONE BEFORE. ALL MY YEARS ON THE FORCE. BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY.

EVERYTHING'S CHANGED.

COME ON. COME ON, MONSTER. I WANT YOU NOW.

I NEED YOU.

THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!

I'M GOING TO KILL HIM.

HIM? SEEMS TO BE TWO OF HIM.

LIKE ME.

HE'S FAST STRONG

YOUTH ON HIS SIDE

TWO OF HIM.

THE MAN AND THE MONSTER.

NOT SO DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHER MURDERERS, RAPISTS AND SOCIOPATHS I DEAL WITH, THEN.

MEN WITH MONSTERS INSIDE THEM.

FZZZ

AAIIIII

YOU'RE SHOWING YOUR AGE, KID. I'LL GET RID OF THOSE FROWN LINES FOR YA!

IF YOU DIDN'T WANT ME...WHY DID YOU HAVE ME?

A QUESTION I ASK MYSELF.

POLICE OFFICERS SEE A LOT OF THIS STUFF. IT'S SICKENING. ABANDONED BABIES. UNWANTED BABIES. CRACK BABIES. YOU NAME IT.

YOU'RE ONLY PART COP NOW. AN INSIGNIFICANT PART.

VENOM NAMED YOU TOXIN. PROBABLY BECAUSE YOU STINK LIKE POISON.

YOU'VE GOT HIM BY THE THROAT.

DO IT. KILL.

FINISH THIS.

I TRY.

I REALLY TRY TO KILL THIS MONSTER.

BUT I CAN'T.

NOT IN COLD.

COLD-BLOOD.

GG-GG

LATER. I LIE IN BED. NOT SLEEPING.

NOT EVEN CLOSE.

I TRY TO MAKE SENSE OF WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME.

BUT NOTHING MAKES SENSE.

EXCEPT THIS.

THIS CHILD. PROTECTING HIM FROM HARM.

BUT WHAT IF I AM THE VERY THING HE NEEDS PROTECTING FROM?

PAT, YOU OKAY? SOMETHIN' THE MATTER WIT' EDDIE?

WHAT YOU DOIN' IN HERE?

HE WOKE UP. SO WE WENT FOR A LITTLE WALK.

GO GET SOME SLEEP. YOU LOOK LIKE SOMETHING OUTTA "DAWN OF THE DEAD."

WE'VE GOT A DEAL, MY WIFE AND I. A *PACT*. WE DON'T TALK ABOUT MONSTERS. EVER.

SOME COUPLES DON'T TALK ABOUT PAST LOVE AFFAIRS. OR MONEY.

WE DON'T TALK ABOUT MONSTERS.

I HAD MY PLANS FOR HIM. AN ALLY AGAINST SPIDER-MAN.

UNTIL I SAW IT. HE COULD HAVE KILLED YOU.

DON'T REMIND ME

BUT HE COULDN'T. WAS THAT A SHOW OF CONSCIENCE? MORALITY?

SOUNDS MORE LIKE SPIDER-MAN THAN A SYMBIOTE

EXACTLY. WHAT IF HE GROWS TO BE LIKE SPIDER-MAN? EVEN FORMS AN ALLIANCE WITH THE WEBBED ONE? HE MUST BE STOPPED. KILLED. CRUSHED.

CARNAGE. SON. I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SAY THIS BUT--

HOW WOULD YOU FEEL ABOUT A TEMPORARY--A *VERY* TEMPORARY--ALLIANCE WITH YOUR OLD MAN?

I DON'T CARE IF YOU NEED THE BATHROOM!

NO ONE MOVES!

THEY'VE BEEN IN THERE AN HOUR. FOUR OF THEM. ARMED TO THE TEETH. ONE POLICE OFFICER DOWN. FOUR HOSTAGES.

THEY WANT A HELICOPTER TO THE AIRPORT.

WE ALL WANT THINGS WE CAN'T HAVE.

KRACH!!

ME, I'D RATHER NOT HAVE THIS CREATURE INSIDE ME.

I TOLD YOU I HAD A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS JOB.

SHUT UP AND SHOOT.

BUT I'VE COME TO A *DECISION.*

I'M GOING TO *USE* IT. MAYBE THAT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN CONTROL IT.

USE IT FOR *GOOD.*

CONTROL IT.

-KK KKKK KKKK-

I AM TOXIN.

AND WE ARE *S-SORRY.* FOR ALL OF THIS.

VERY. VERY SORRY.

SORRY'S NOT THE WORD.

YOU ARE HEARTLESS KILLERS. YOU KILLED A COP. WHO NO DOUBT HAD A FAMILY. WHO'LL BE **HEARTBROKEN**.

YOU DESERVE TO DIE.

IN THE MOST PAINFUL AND HEARTLESS WAY IMAGINABLE.

YOUR BRAINS. MAYBE SOFT AND EGGY. NO DOUBT EVOLVED OVER THOUSANDS OF YEARS SO YOU CAN WASTE THEM.

I'LL SUCK THEM OUT THROUGH YOUR EYE SOCKETS.

PLEASE! WE'RE NOT REALLY BAD PEOPLE. WE'RE NOT EVIL. WE HAD ROTTEN LUCK. BAD GENES. WORSE PARENTS.

DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT **PARENTS**.

WHAT'S THAT? A *POLICE BADGE?* YOU'RE A... *COP?*

UNDER ALL THAT... HE'S A COP?

Y-YOU CAN'T KILL US.

WHY CAN'T I?

CONTROL IT. I AM PAT...

I AM... POLICE OFFICER...

WE'VE SURRENDERED. YOU'RE A COP. SO YOU DON'T KILL US. YOU *ARREST* US. THEY'RE THE *RULES.*

THE RULES DON'T WORK ANYMORE. NOT FOR YOU. NOT FOR US.

EVERYTHING'S CHANGED

VENOM/ CARNAGE PART FOUR:

DO THE RIGHT THING

MAMA DRUNK TURPENTINE WHEN SHE WAS PREGNANT. WHEN *THAT* DIDN'T WORK, NEITHER SHE NOR PA LET A DAY GO BY WITHOUT TELLING ME I WAS ABOUT AS WANTED AS A FART IN A SPACESUIT.

A TRAGIC STORY. BUT YOU'RE **STILL** UNDER ARREST

UNDER ARREST? I...I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO SUCK OUR *BRAINS* OUT.

YOU FELL FOR THAT *JOKE*? I'VE ALREADY HAD *BREAKFAST* SO WHY WOULD I WANNA EAT YOUR BRAINS? IF YOU *HAD* ANY. THAT IS.

NOW, GET YOUR HANDS UP AND FACE THE WALL.

NICE WORK! I WAS ABOUT TO MOVE IN MYSELF...BUT YOU SEEM TO HAVE EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL.

CONTROL? S-SURE, SPIDER-MAN. IT'S ALL COMPLETELY UNDER CONTROL.

GLAD TO HEAR IT.

THIS MIGHT BE THE BEGINNING OF A BEAUTIFUL RELATIONSHIP.

"CONTROL?

"HE HAD NO IDEA... HOW CLOSE I WAS... TO LOSING IT..."

...I WON'T SAY WHAT I WANTED TO DO TO THOSE BAD MEN, EDDIE. YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO BE POLLUTED WITH THAT KIND OF... *WICKEDNESS*...

WHAT YOU DOIN', PATSY?

MAKING SURE HE'S OKAY. WATCHING HIM. GENERALLY TRYING TO GET MY HEAD AROUND THE MIRACLE OF LIFE. YOU KNOW, THE USUAL.

SOMETIMES IT *SCARES* ME, GINA.

WE'VE BROUGHT THIS POOR LITTLE KID INTO SUCH AN EVIL WORLD.

AW, IT AIN'T *THAT* BAD.

IS THAT AN APPROPRIATE OUTFIT FOR A FUNERAL?

IT'S BLACK, ISN'T IT?

I GUESS...

I--I FEEL KINDA RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS DEATH. THAT MONSTER WHO KILLED HIM WAS AFTER ME.

AND RANDOLPH WAS A FRIEND OF MINE. WHY ARE YOU HERE, OFFICER?

WHAT IS IT WITH YOU AND MONSTERS?

GOOD QUESTION. SPIDER-MAN TOLD ME WHAT HE COULD, BUT--

YOU SPOKE TO SPIDER-MAN?

DO YOU FEEL SOMETHING?

YOU MEAN BESIDES THIS LOUSY RAIN?

UHGHMM. YEAH. BESIDES THIS LOUSY RAIN.

WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE?

THIS ISN'T HOW I WANTED IT EITHER, KIDDO. I HAD DREAMS.

UHHF!

YOU...ME...

...A BLOODY CORPSE INSIDE A CRUMPLED SPIDER'S SUIT.

SERVES YA RIGHT FOR DREAMING OLD MAN.

GGNNGNNN!

SHOULDA STUCK TO GOOD OL' FASHIONED NIGHTMARES.

JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE *NAKED* DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN BEHAVE LIKE ANIMALS.

Don't ask.

It's been one of those days.

Then my spider senses come *ALIVE.*

For a moment I'm amazed the others don't hear it. Or *FEEL* it. That excited pulse of *CHANGE* through the moist Manhattan air.

I'LL LEAVE YOU TO TIDY UP, OFFICERS.

Better shift my webbed butt before I start to *ENVY* THEM.

Upper East Side, I believe.

HIS PAINTINGS EXPRESSED THE ANXIOUS CHAOS OF OUR TIMES...

HOW FITTING THEN THAT HIS FUNERAL ENDED LIKE--

--UGNN!

YIPP!

THWAKK

HE'S ONLY YOUNG.

GNNG!

A SCRAP A PEA-POD A NOTHING

UMPHHH...

AHHHH

SO THINK HOW TOUGH, HOW STRONG, HOW OTHERWISE FORMIDABLE HE'LL BE WHEN HE GROWS.

WHICH IS WHY WE CANNOT LET HIM GROW.

HE CAN NEVER BE ALLOWED TO FEEL THE CHAFE OF LONG PANTS.

METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING.

WHATEVER THE HELL THAT MEANS.

DIDN'T THEY TEACH YOU ANYTHING AT SCHOOL?

SCHOOL? I DIDN'T GO TO NO SCHOOL

RIGHT, YOU'RE AN AUTODIDACT.

GET OUTTA HERE! I'M SELF-TAUGHT, MAN!

WHY DO I HAVE THE AWFUL FEELING I'M KILLING THE WRONG SYMBIOTE HERE?

WAIT!

YOU DON'T WANT TO DO THAT.

OH, BUT I DO.

HE DOES.

IF I'VE HEARD RIGHT, YOU'RE HIS GRANDFATHER. AND *YOU* ARE HIS *FATHER.* IN WHICH CASE...IF YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT THE WAY YOUR CHILD'S GOING TO GROW, YOU SHOULD STICK AROUND AND HELP HIM GROW *RIGHT.*

JUST LIKE *MY* FATHER DIDN'T.

WE THOUGHT ABOUT TRYING TO MOLD HIM SO HE JOINS US. TOO DANGEROUS. IF HE GROWS WRONG...IT COULD BE THE *END* OF US.

AND YOU'RE FORGETTING ONE THING: WE *WANT* TO KILL HIM. IT'LL BE OUR *PLEASURE* TO SMASH OUT HIS BRAINS.

BECAUSE WE'RE EVIL, VIOLENT CREATURES. WE DON'T NEED ANY OTHER REASON. WE GOT BLOOD IN OUR VEINS, MURDER IN OUR EYES, AND TIME ON OUR HANDS.

AND YOU KNOW WHAT...?

WHAT?

ONCE WE'VE KILLED THIS CHILD, WE'LL TURN OUR ATTENTION TO **YOU**. BECAUSE YOU'RE **NEAREST**.

THE FACT THAT YOU'RE REALLY DAMN **IRRITATING** WILL ONLY MAKE KILLING YOU **SWEETER**.

EXCUSE ME.

YOU GOT WEBBING OVER YOUR FACE. WHICH IS VERY WEIRD, CONSIDERING YOU ***DIDN'T*** HAVE WEBBING OVER YOUR FACE A SECOND AGO.

HUH?

DON'T YOU LOVE THESE OLD CEMETERIES? THE BEAUTIFUL MAUSOLEUMS. THE WEATHERWORN INSCRIPTIONS.

AND WHEN YOU GET TIRED OF THAT, THERE'S ALWAYS THE UGLY ***SYMBIOTES*** WHOSE ***BUTTS*** YOU CAN ***KICK***.

THWNG

THIS IS YOUR LIFE NOW, PATTY BOY. AND YOU'D BETTER GET USED TO IT.

BUT HEY, YOU'RE A *NEW YORK CITY COP.*

YOU'RE USED TO FACING *DEATH.*

YOU'RE USED TO FACING ALL *KINDS* OF LOWLIFES.

EVERYONE DOWN HERE'S SO SKINNY AND OLD.

UGLY *AND* STUPID. SHEESH.

THEY'RE A FAMILY'S *DEAD RELATIVES*. GOING WAY BACK TO THE *MAYFLOWER* BY THE LOOK OF IT.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN, EH? HOW CONVENIENT. YOU CAN *STAY* DOWN HERE.

I AIN'T FAMILY. IT WOULDN'T BE *RIGHT*.

TIME WE FINISH WID YOU, YOUR *OWN* FAMILY WON'T RECOGNIZE YA!

PUT HIM DOWN.

WOW. THAT'S SOME *TEMPER* YOU'VE GOT THERE, PAT.

ME--?

I'M NORMALLY A PRETTY PLACID GUY, YOU KNOW? BUT I GUESS... WITH ALL THAT'S *HAPPENED* OVER THESE LAST FEW DAYS...

MY PREGNANT WIFE THROWN DOWN A STAIRWELL...

THAT'S NOT NICE.

...ME BEING THREATENED WITH GOD KNOWS WHAT KIND OF DEATH AND TORTURE...

...AND THEN POSSESSED BY THIS MONSTER...

...SOMETHING JUST SNAPPED!

UH... RIGHT.

YOU WOULDN'T BE *HUMAN* IF ALL *THAT* DIDN'T GET TO YOU.

PAT. CALM DOWN. THEY'RE GONE.

THE MONSTERS ARE ALL GONE.

DID WE BEAT THEM?

THIS TIME.

BUT THERE'LL BE A NEXT TIME?

ALMOST DEFINITELY.

A-AND...WE JUST HAVE TO LIVE OUR LIVES...DAY IN, DAY OUT... KNOWING THAT THOSE CREATURES COULD TURN UP AT ANY MINUTE?

THAT'S ABOUT THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

AND IF IT'S NOT VENOM AND CARNAGE, IT COULD BE THE ***GREEN GOBLIN,*** OR SOME ***OTHER*** SUPER-POWERED RECIDIVIST INTENT ON BREAKING THE LAW AND BUSTING OUR HEADS, THOUGH NOT NECESSARILY IN THAT ORDER.

SO--THE OLD PAT MULLIGAN IS AS DEAD AS ***THESE*** GUYS. IN HIS PLACE IS A MONSTER CALLED ***TOXIN.***

THAT'S ONLY ***PART*** OF YOU. YOU CAN LEARN TO CONTROL IT. USE IT FOR GOOD. LIKE ***I*** LEARNED TO USE MY SPIDER POWERS.

I GOT A WIFE AND KID AT HOME. I GOT *ANOTHER* LIFE ALTOGETHER. HOW IN GOD'S NAME DO I BALANCE THAT SWEET, SIMPLE EXISTENCE WITH *THIS* INSANITY?

GOOD QUESTION, PAT. IF YOU COME UP WITH A GOOD ANSWER, I'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR IT.

I GUESS HE'S MY NEW ROLE MODEL.

SPIDER-MAN? HOW D'YOU MEAN?

HE'S SO... *TOGETHER.* SO... *AT EASE* WITH HIMSELF...WITH THIS WHOLE *HERO* THING.

BENEATH THAT SKINTIGHT SEXY OUTFIT THERE'S A SCARED LITTLE BOY.

YOU'RE KINDA SWEET ON HIM, AIN'T YOU?

COME ON, OFFICER MULLIGAN, I'LL WALK YOU HOME.

HOME. A WONDERFUL WORD.

THE MOST WONDERFUL WORD IN THE LANGUAGE.

HOME.

HEY, KNOW SOMETHIN'? I THINK THE KID'S *GROWN* SINCE THIS MORNING.

AND, FOR A MOMENT, I FORGET ALL ABOUT MONSTERS AND SUPER HEROES...

IS THAT POSSIBLE? TO GROW THAT *QUICK?*

THEN I SEE IT.

IT MUST HAVE FALLEN OUT OF MY POCKET WHEN I BENT OVER TO KISS HIM.

I BROUGHT IT INTO THE APARTMENT WITH ME.

I *DEFILED* OUR HOME.

PAT?

I GO DOWN TO THE RIVER AND THROW THE MONSTROUS THING IN.

THROW SO HARD I ALMOST PULL MY ARM OUT OF ITS SOCKET.

I WAIT FOR THE DARK WATER TO SWALLOW IT UP.

BUT IT'S NO GOOD. IT'S NO GOOD AT ALL.

IT ISN'T THAT OLD DEAD FINGER THAT'S MONSTROUS. IT'S *ME. ME.*

AND I ASK MYSELF: HOW LONG?

HOW LONG BEFORE THIS MONSTER INSIDE ME BLOWS UP AGAIN?

HOW LONG BEFORE IT PUTS MY FAMILY'S LIFE AT RISK?

HOW LONG BEFORE I'M MAN ENOUGH TO DO WHAT I KNOW I MUST DO?

THIS IS A JOKE, RIGHT? SAY IT'S A JOKE.

NO, GINA. IT'S THE FURTHEST THING FROM A JOKE YOU CAN IMAGINE.

SO WHY?

I WISH I COULD TELL YOU.

ANOTHER WOMAN? SOMEONE YOU MET AT THE STATION?

YOU'RE THE ONLY WOMAN I WANT.

IF IT'S ANOTHER WOMAN...WE CAN WORK IT OUT.

YOUR PARENTS WENT THROUGH A ROCKY STAGE WHEN YOUR OLD MAN MET THAT BLONDE DESK SERGEANT. THEY WORKED IT OUT.

WE CAN WORK IT OUT TOO, PATTY. THE THREE OF US.

I WISH IT WAS THAT EASY, GINA. REALLY I DO.

DON'T YOU LOVE US ANYMORE? ME AND LITTLE EDDIE?

SO MUCH IT HURTS.

THEN I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

DON'T HATE ME, GINA. AND DON'T BRING EDDIE UP TO HATE ME EITHER.

OH, PATTY...

GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART.

I DO NOT KNOW WHERE I AM HEADED.

ROCKWELL CONSTRUCTION

I KNOW ONLY THAT I CANNOT TAKE THE ONES I LOVE MOST WITH ME.

I HAVE WITHIN ME A CREATURE CALLED *TOXIN*.

I WILL TRY TO USE IT FOR GOOD.

I HAVE LEFT MY OLD LIFE BEHIND. NOW, I MUST MODEL MYSELF ON SPIDER-MAN.

I MUST LEARN TO CONTROL WHAT I HAVE. WHATEVER HAPPENS, WHATEVER MONSTERS COME MY WAY, I MUST NOT FORGET WHO I AM, WHERE I COME FROM.

I MUST DO THE RIGHT THING.

THE END

EVIL INCARNATE!

What's worse than one mayhem-producing symbiote? Two. What's worse than that? Three. That's right: Venom's offspring, Carnage, is about to have a baby itself — a creature of indescribable power and appetites. Question is, who's gonna bring up baby? Quick — someone call Spider-Man! Guest-starring Black Cat!

Collecting *Venom vs. Carnage #1-4*, written by Peter Milligan and illustrated by Clayton Crain.

MARVEL T+